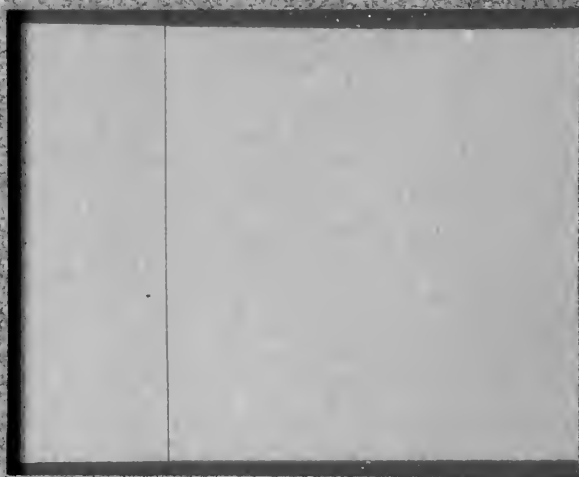


Camping for Girls

By HORTENSE GARDNER GREGG



Are you weary of the old life?
Do you long for something better?
Come with me into the freedom
Of the wild.





In the Freedom of the Wild

The Invitation

I will lead you to the wonders
Of the forest lands enchanted,
To the waters of Youth's Fountain
 Undefined.



Come With Me

And your soul may drink in rapture
Till a new life throbs within you
And you dwell content with all things,
Just a child.



The Spirit of the Wild

Copyright by the Author

Camping For Girls

BY

HORTENSE GARDNER GREGG

Dedicated to my dear friend Ethel Bradbury, in memory of
those old camping days and the "sunsets gold," when



Dreaming sweet dreams in the twilight still
O'er rose-tinted waters we drifted at will,
Drifted where mirrored a fairy world lay—
Dreaming and dreaming, away, and—away.



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Introductory

Out from the dim shadow-heart of the forest,
Thro' mystic, green arch-ways the leafy trees span,
Sweetly the myriad voices of Nature
Call to the languishing spirit of man.

A summer's outing to the average working girl often means but a few weeks' change from hot, stifling city stores and factories to some crowded sea shore hotel, where the hard earned money of weary months is soon spent in dress promenades along the beach.

Here the days are filled with naught but foolish pleasures—casinos, theatres, park entertainments, an occasional drive, maybe, and surf bathing (the only beneficial feature of it all). And these, crowned with evenings spent in close, heated rooms at fancy, social hops—do you think it any wonder that weary of life the poor girl returns to her humdrum round of duties, a little tanned, perhaps, but otherwise more tired than before?

Of what benefit is such a vacation?

For half the money thus spent the following chapters will tell you how to spend the summer months and truly enjoy an outdoor life.

Why should we be weak! Why not be strong like our brothers? Did Nature intend that we should drag out our lives in such narrow ways of existence as most of us spend it to-day?

This last question came to the writer a few years ago when compelled by ill health to give up her chosen work. And her soul, rising above its weaker body, answered emphatically—NO!

With a firm determination to find the true road to health she sought such employment as was best for her, and even if salary were not munificent 'twas just enough, with freedom to follow her own sweet will. During hours she could call her own she turned her face toward Nature and left for a time society friends and the fashionable world. She found she could live as well as before and was deprived of none of the necessities of life. And O, the joy of living!

To live in the woods one must have a shelter of some kind—a tent is all that is needed in summer for boys, all that is needed for girls (if they would but think so). Anyway a simple, one-room board camp can be made, dry and comfortable for a rainy day, but sleep in a tent, or, in pleasant weather, *even out of doors* 'neath the free starlit heavens.

It is wonderful how soon one loves such a life, and how many things that were once a necessity soon become needless. Food, warmth, and shelter—this is all life demands—and the woods can give it. With every breath of the sweet, piney air the blood bounds with new vitality through your veins, new strength comes, and life is so good to live!

Health brings true happiness, the greatest boon of life. And where and how shall we seek to obtain good health? Not to the doctors with their drugs and medicines, not to fashionable summer resorts, but to the very heart of Nature, go—and you'll find it there, if you patiently search aright.

The author writes especially to her sisters, for rejoicing in her own perfectly restored health she begs them follow her example and raise the physical standard of womanhood to-day.

O, girls, of both city and country, leave the small artificialities of life—leave all that tends to undermine your health, and lay the foundation for generations to come. Strive to regain that lost strength and beauty which characterized those women of the past, who in America's great, unconquered forests, bravely fought, side by side with their brothers, to give us the freedom we now enjoy.

Nothing is grander than a perfect woman!

Spring

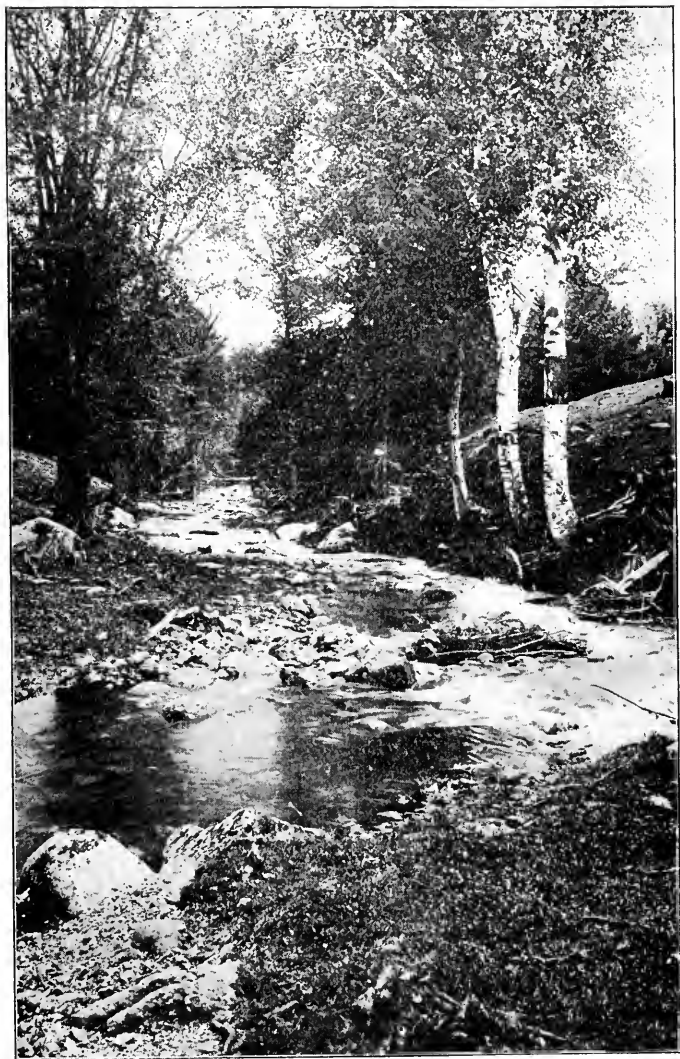
Spring gives to the out door girl :

Early morning walks over crusted fields and through open woodlands—maple sugar season in camp—waking brooks—silvered willows.

Rubber-boot tramps, when roads are otherwise impassable, across moist, brown fields, to where marshes give first glimpses of life—early birds, crows, bluebirds, robins, etc.—early flowers, hepaticas, arbutus, violets, etc.

Trees a-bloom and fields a-green—sweet songs everywhere—unfolding leaf-buds—and then,

The roses of June are with us !



When Sunbeams Kiss the Snows Away

Camping for Girls

CHAPTER I.

HOW TO BEGIN.

Make your dwelling, tho' it be
But a day,
From the ceaseless human strife,
Far away.
Where the bird notes sweet and clear
Haunt the shade
Of the leafy, forest-temple
God hath made.

You, who are working day after day, shut away from the sunlight and air, in some dingy shop, or crowded store or narrow office, say to yourself: "I will save a small sum of my earnings and spend my next summer vacation as far from this life as possible."

Find a half dozen others of a like mind, and during the winter plan it together. Form a little club if you like and meet each week. Have a common fund to add to for expenses, such as tent, provisions, etc.

Then, when temptation for a new party gown comes, buy instead a dress suitable for the woods. A serge or broadcloth walking skirt, at least six inches from the ground, of a gray mixture, is good, a loosely made waist, a kind of shirt waist effect, with a sweater in place of a coat.

Of course, the true outdoor girl *never* wears stays, and so a broad belt fastened to the skirt and made of the same material, is best and neatest. A white wash hat with broad brim is very nice and cool to wear on a sunny day, on rainy days a rubber hat with wide brim at back like your brother's, and on cloudy days—no hat at all!

Wear jersey underwear and seersucker skirts. Waists and outside skirts of jean are very neat and natty, wash easily and require no ironing. Starched frills and furbelows are unknown to followers of the "blazed trails."

The khaki suits, which have lately found favor in Fashion's eye, have proved their value to the outdoor girl and will doubtless be worn by her long after Style decrees "something new." These suits, made from the regulation cloth of our U. S. soldiers, are washable and light and cool for summer, while being closely woven, they defy the many thorns and scratchy branches of the wilderness roads.

And say good-bye to those high heeled, pointed toed shoes in which you have toddled (for we cannot say walked) over pavements or danced to the music of a ballroom. O, what a relief to the poor tortured feet to walk at last natural and free!

Personally, I have found the white tennis shoe (white soled) is best for warm weather, and for fall the elk-skin moccasin cannot be improved on. To be sure either of these may wet through, but they dry easily, and are flexible and light, whereas leather shoes become stiff and heavy. Don't mind wet feet, girls, just keep moving till they are dry, and the fear of a cold is needless. Colds! Such trifling distempers belong only to the life you have left, to damp, sunless apartments and chilly draughts of impure air. They are unknown here in the glad, sweet freedom of sunshine and woodland breeze.

And thus, with a little sacrifice to vanity and small deprivations of the latest society fads, you will find in the spring you have collected a neat little outfit, have

saved the required amount and are all prepared to spend an entire summer as, perhaps, you have never spent it before.

"Girls," Madam Grundy declares, "must have chaperones," so find a congenial married companion, elderly in years, but young in all things else, to accompany you. If, however, you fear a life in the woods without the security of a "manly protector," then, of course, your chaperone's husband must also come—but, girls, be sure he is a *lazy* man, for, remember, you are going forth to learn from Nature absolute self-reliance.

A small lake near a farmhouse is an ideal place to camp, about a mile from a country village. About a mile, I say, for that is a good daily walking distance to post-office and supply store—often-times all in one.

Do not take provisions, buy from the treasury you have filled during the winter.

A hand grip is all that is necessary for clothing—no great Saratoga for a trip like this. One ordinary trunk, however, will be very convenient in which to pack the camp properties.

Have a tent of khaki duck, 10x12 feet, 4-foot walls. You will find this to be preferable to the commoner white duck because it does not soil so easily, neither are insects attracted so readily.

Be sure and have a haversack, 'tis almost indispensable. This is best made of white duck, with rounded corners and flap to overlap and strap with small buckle in front. A broad strap fastened at the sides to go over the shoulder should be three inches in width. The bag should not hang too low.

This haversack will be very handy in which to carry provisions from store to camp, and on hundreds of other

occasions. Suspend it from one shoulder, having it rest just back of the hip. Many slip the strap over the head across the chest, but I find in this way the lungs are apt to be compressed and breathing hindered, especially when climbing hills.

Use your own ingenuity and skill as to small pockets stitched inside for various articles. Improve on the following as you think best for your individual needs—but *don't* take too many trifles. After a few trips you will learn just what is required.

Here is where the art of condensation comes in.

Contents of grip.

An extra waist of whatever
wash material desired,
Bathing suit, white duck hat,
Pair plain hose, tennis shoes,
Rain coat, haversack,
Turkish bath towels,
Soap, dish towels,
Handkerchiefs,
One set jersey underwear,
Comb, tooth brush, sponge,
Scissors, thread, needles,
Pins, darning cotton, etc.,
Stamped envelopes,
Post cards, stationery, pencils.

Contents of trunk.

Dark gray blanket each,
Axe, hunting knife, rifle,
Rubber floor and table cloths,
Dishes—pail, kettle, coffee-
pot, frying pan, baker,
Aluminum plate, dipper, fork,
knife, spoon each,
One dozen screw hooks,
3-foot square sheet iron,
Compass, oil stone,
Surgeon plaster, ginger ext.
Matches, lantern, candles,
Oil of citronella,
Several yds. mosquito netting.

The blankets may be rolled inside the tent, firmly strapped, and checked thus, if preferred.

Let us see, for a party of six :

One hand grip each, and two articles of baggage (tent and trunk) to be checked. That is all. This should come under the chaperone's especial care, besides the responsibility of five young girls, cut loose from the bonds of labor, keenly alive to the free, happy days before. But, dear reader, 'tis a pleasant task. I know, for—*I have been chaperone!*

Summer.

To the outdoor girl the summer months bring unlimited gifts :

Long walks in the early morn or dewy eve—drives over pleasant country roads—woodland rambles.

Pleasures of all kinds—picnics, camping parties, boating, bathing, tennis, golf.

Nature study in all branches—birds, flowers, ferns, mosses, sedges, trees, minerals, insect and animal life—and then,

Nature throws aside her gown of green and robes herself in crimson, brown and gold, for the harvest months have come.



When God Smiles Everywhere.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

O, fair were the sunset clouds at even',
Asleep in the arms of the crimson west!
All gold, with the light of sunbeams riven,
Over the lake they rest.
A-quiver with life on the highest limb
The brown thrush sings in the tree above—
Sings to the day a farewell hymn,
To his mate a song of love.

Bidding adieu to the hot, dusty city you board the train and are whirled away—away to God's free country. Maine offers many ideal camping spots with her pleasant farms, lakes, mountains and wooded vales.

At the station engage a team to transport all baggage—tent, grips, etc., to your chosen camping ground, while you *walk* the distance getting acquainted with the country as you go. Presumably the owner of the wagon is also the owner of the land you have rented on which to pitch your tent, and his home not far from the lake. You will find human nature at its best in these country homes and there is no limit to the kind accommodations given. A pleasant vacation is before you.

From the dusty highway at last the farmer turns to a rough, stony pasture road, and the one who perchance has ridden thus far (the chaperone probably) will now be glad to walk. Even the driver may prefer to lead his horse. In a practically open spot near the lake the luggage is dumped and, his proffered services being gaily refused, with a hearty invitation to visit his house

and "call on fer enny thing we hev ye need," the genial driver clatters away.

An opening where the breezes can enter freely and disperse more or less the insect pests has the advantage of the shade—and, too, there is less danger from sparks igniting the wood growth.

If possible learn to pitch a tent yourselves, and also learn to swing an axe. Be independent, girls! Don't be called a "sweet bother" any longer. Don't rely on a brother's helping hand. Show him what a girl can do. There is no better exercise in the world for development of muscles in the shoulder and back than felling wood.

Now for work to have everything done before dark. There are six of us and each must be given her allotted task.

Who can pitch the tent? Let the girl who has camped with her big brother and "seen it done" choose the strongest one to help her. She who can swing the axe, cut the tent-poles, fir boughs and fire-wood, aided by another, who gathers all together near the tent and fire-place, piling the last within reach of the cook. The fifth girl unpacks the trunk and builds the fire-place, while the sixth prepares the supper.

There may be three hours left before dark.

A few words as to pitching the tent.

If no hard wood poles are brought cut a long pole the length of the tent and two uprights, corresponding with its height, having forked tips.

When no floor is laid a ditch should be dug around the tent walls to drain off rain water, also two holes in which to sink the uprights a few inches. Spread out the canvass so the top lies free with the walls still folded

beneath. Place the horizontal, which is the ridge-pole, under the tent across the center. Put uprights beneath each end, lift to position dropping them into the ground holes already made. Drive stakes along sides for guy ropes and stretch in place. Be sure the roof slant is the right pitch to shed rain. Have a tent fly for better protection in wet weather.

A large quantity of pine needles spread beneath the tent make very good beds for *one* night, when time is limited. Over these lay the floor blankets (rubber side down). Pack fir boughs well around the walls to keep out the intruding mosquito. Fasten a cord across the head of the bed, about two feet above, over which to drape the netting. By the way, an inside tent of cheese-cloth to drop down at night would be a luxury indeed. Get one if possible.

Among "Hints," Chapter V., will be found instructions to make an ideal bough bed, and be sure and have one by the second night.

Along the ridge-pole and up and down the uprights screw in the small hooks on which to hang articles of clothing, etc. Roll up your sweaters for pillows, pile neatly the folded blankets, move in the trunk and *your* work is done. Sit down by the fire and rest, and watch the others work, for yours has been the hardest task.

Meanwhile a good supply of wood has been cut, water brought from the spring, fire built, potatoes boiled and ready to remove from fire, for no one has been idle. Drain off the water and set the kettle near the fire with the cover well on, that its contents may steam and keep warm while the remainder of the supper is cooked.

Next lay the sheet iron top over the fireplace, which for now is roughly built of rocks on three sides with opening

in front. On this place the coffee-pot (one spoonful of coffee each and an extra for luck). Fill the pot with boiling water and let set a few moments.

While the steak is being broiled (or fried) have the table in readiness, which will probably be, this first night, but the cloth spread on the ground.

All is now ready. Throw off the iron top, take the potatoes from the kettle, fill it with water and suspend



Preparing the First Supper.

with a crane of green sticks over the blaze. Build up a brighter fire and gather around the board, or cloth rather—and I have eaten many a meal from off an unfolded newspaper.

Plan to have all wood needed for the night gathered, beds made, clothing in place and all things done before

dark, though you have to eat by firelight—and, girls, *wash your dishes*, too, no matter if it be midnight, for to the one whose lot it may be to rise with the sun and get breakfast, there is nothing more heartrending than a litter of unwashed dishes.

And no meal eaten in the days to come, however richer in quality or greater in quantity, will ever quite equal this, the *first*!

Though, perhaps, a little tired with the day's journey and housekeeping duties just done, nevertheless the dancing firelight shines upon a circle of happy contented faces—for, oh, it is such a different "tired" from that old dragged-out, discouraged feeling, when weary of the day's labor you climbed those long flights to your little attic room. Only a fitful, nervous sleep those short hours of darkness gave, and with the day dawn, which came so soon, you rose but little refreshed for another struggle with that merciless tyrant, Work.

The old life is over for a time. A night (and many nights) of rest is before you in God's sweet, free out of doors.

After dishes are washed by a favored (?) two, put upon the fire a large stump and a lot of pine cones (if you are so thoughtful as to have found them before dark), and lay comfortably around, half dreaming and planning for the morrow, and other morrows to come.

Now is the time when our brothers would smoke. Of that pleasant evil we do not partake (the fire-smoke suffices to keep the mosquito distant) but if we like we can toast marshmallows on long pointed, green sticks, eat olives or pickles, roast peanuts, corn—or, best of all, *chew gum*, and we will be just as happy in our own way.

O, the brooklet sang of freedom
In that silent, wooded land,
Rippling o'er the mossy ledges,
Foaming o'er the rocks and sand;
While our camp-fire burning brightly
Shed around a cheerful glow,
Lighting up the distant treetops,
Making shadows deeper grow.

By and by gay conversation lags, the silent mystery of the wood steals in, and only a low toned voice now and then is heard. Perhaps one or two weary travellers are already sleeping.

The chaperone most likely will announce the hour of "bed-time," then cover the fire carefully, leaving a few glowing coals maybe, and tumble in on your first outdoor bed. If properly made you will enjoy your couch, and even if you do not sleep much, this your first night 'mid strange surroundings, you will *rest!*

If the night be cool each roll up in your separate blanket.

Gradually silence steals over camp and sleep comes at last to all except to you, who, perhaps, may be a little more timid than your companions. Yet, what is there to fear? Safe and warm

* * * 'neath blanket covers,
From a couch of fragrant pine,
Dreamily you watch the firelight
Thro' the narrow opening shine.
Night-wind spirits float around you,
Whispering of peace and rest,
All things earthly are forgotten
Save the truest and the best.

But oh, those, great, black shadows that lingered just beyond the camp-fire circle all the evening, advancing and retreating, while somehow your eyes *would* wan-

der furtively toward them though you joined in your friends' gay repartee—now, after waiting patiently they are creeping nearer as the glowing coals die out.

Brighter the stars shine above and the brook-voice sings louder and louder as the stillness grows more and more still.

Oh, for a moon!

A distant night bird calls, the lake-waves ripple softly on the shore—and all these sounds, blending sweetly, sooth even the most wakeful. Your eyes close at last, sleep is almost—

Hark! A twig snaps just without the tent, and wide awake you half arise with fast beating heart, expecting some unknown monster of the wild to come creeping through the opening.

Sniff, sniff, sniff—you can stand it no longer. You whisper to the girl beside you and that whisper passes around. All listen breathless, striving not to wake the weary chaperone. At last one braver than the rest (perhaps it is *you* after all) ventures to look without, her groping hand strikes some dipper or plate which comes clattering to the ground.

A scurry of feet and a dark object disappears into the deeper woods.

"What's that?" cries the startled chaperone.

No one speaks for—no one knows.

Fear is gone, but also is all inclination to sleep, and till day dawn low voiced exclamations and suppressed giggles come frequently from huddled heaps of blankets. But truly, girls, after one night spent sleeping out of doors you give little heed to midnight visitors (they are harmless, remember), and will rest undisturbed till morning comes.

Pack away your foods safely before retiring, especially meats, and all will be well.

Don't be afraid of the dark or mysterious wood noises. Nothing will harm you. Cure yourselves of all foolish, nervous fears. Insects, like hornets, ants and spiders will not hurt you, and snakes will flee from you faster than you from them.

And *mice*!

Girls, girls, if you must be afraid of other wee bits of life, I pray you don't, don't scream and run should a tiny wood mouse cross your path! Anyway be brave in the presence of this little creature. Don't let the stronger sex laugh at us any more. Conquer this if nothing else.

All the wood folk are too busy with their own life duties to mind such an insignificant thing as a human being. They may pause a moment to watch with curious eyes the intruder in their haunts, or pry with searching noses among your provisions, but they will soon pass on and thereafter simply ignore, if unmolested, the stranger who comes to live among them for a time.

Autumn.

To the outdoor girl, Nature's bright smiles in her resting-time are very winning.

Those golden days of September, those cloudless, blue skies of October, and lovely Indian summer of November.

When the last sweet gentian-flower closes its blue eye the harvest of the summer toil is gathered—a few brief days for recreation, nutting parties, hunting, etc.—and then,

Winter comes from the north-lands, and all is white and still.



When Nature Rests a Moment.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST DAY IN CAMP.

Crimson glow the eastern hilltops,
Night's dark curtain rolls away
And by golden sunbeams heral'd
Dawns another day.

Camp life is astir early the first morning, and when the sun appears above the hills across the lake his seemingly tardy beams find several dancing figures upon the beach, all robed for a "dip" in the still mirror-waters.



The Fisher-maid Paddles Ashore

A smoke rising from the fireplace tells of breakfast preparing, while out on the lake drifts a boat with an industrious maid patiently angling for a speckled dainty.

After a brief delightful splash the merry bathers return to camp and are soon prepared for what the day may bring.

Breakfast is nearly ready by the chosen cook for the day, but cream is desired for the coffee and a delegation of two tramp to the farmhouse across the dewy fields.

A sweet warble from the woodland shadows calls the bird lover to investigate.

The "little fisher-maiden" paddles ashore and proudly adds her catch to the morning repast.

And how good it all tasted—those fried fish and potato, cereal, doughnuts, coffee, etc., eaten in the early morn!

Without doubt your farmer friend will loan you a few boards out of which to construct a table. Don't ask him to make it—do it yourselves. Boxes will answer nicely for seats. A shelf nailed between two trees with a small mirror fastened to a limb and a towel hung beside it, makes a very convenient toilet stand.



A Cosy Outdoor Home.

Hammocks may be swung here and there in the shade, and day by day little improvements made till a cosy outdoor home grows like magic in the wilderness. Should a rain set in for several days seek the hospitable

farmhouse for your meals, ask permission to spread your blankets on the hay in the barn and see what a night thus spent will bring, (provided, of course, no thunder showers are present).

Do not live, even for a day, in the old civilized way during this vacation.

Take a few books for light reading, perhaps, to while away some warm, lazy afternoon hours, but, girls, leave your fancy work and all such things of the other life—forget them when you go to the woods.

And don't lay around and yawn and say, "The country's so slow, what can I do?" Open your eyes to the wonders all about you. If you are a botanist, take your dryers and magnifying glass—if an ornithologist, take your field glasses and seek to extend your lore by finding and watching the birds in their daily home-life. Add something new yourself to what is already known. Even Audubon himself may have failed to record some important fact your watchful eye may see.

If your taste tends toward photography, take your kodak; if an artist's gift be yours, take crayon, colors and sketch book. Nature will give you many pictures to reproduce, her resources are inexhaustible.

Did you ever go pearl fishing? Doubtless you have spaded for clams at low tide on the seashore and relished that savory extra to your morning meal, but have you sought them for the lovely fresh water pearls hidden in our northern brooks? It may be discouraging at first, and many a clam opened for naught, but don't lose heart and a beautiful pearl will be yours at last.

And gems! The geologist of the party will not be content until she has wrested from the mountain rocks their well guarded treasures. Garnet, beryl, tourma-



Did You Ever Go Pearl Fishing?

lin, topaz—all these and others may be found if persistently, intelligently sought.

The bugologist, too, will find a large field for her investigations, and many a “specimen” is brought by her to camp to the utter disgust and terror of her companions—to say nothing of the myriads of insects that come *uninvited*.

Then there is tennis, boating, bathing, fishing, and so on indefinitely. Time will pass quickly, pleasantly and profitably. Just try and see.

To the majority of girls this life may seem to have little attraction, but while the novelty lasts I almost know there will be—there *must* be—a certain charm in the freedom of the wild.

CHAPTER IV.

UP A MOUNTAIN BROOK.

Some cool, clear morning pack a lunch in your haversacks and take an all-day tramp up a nearby mountain. Observe Nature in all her forms, in detail



and blended as a whole. Be sure and take a kodak as many beautiful pictures abound everywhere.

Follow a brook if possible, along its bank or stepping from rock to rock in its shallow bed, but return by some trail through the woods. Unless one of the party is familiar with the mountain ways a guide must be engaged.

Ofttimes the way will be very steep and at first glance seemingly inaccessible, but "where there's a will there's a way" around. Here is where the rubber sole of the tennis proves its worth. Sure-footed as the llama of the Andes, aided by a strong pole, you can leap from stone to stone, scale ledges, climb over fallen trees or push through underbrush tangles—ever upward making your way.

By noon you will find many miles have been traversed. Rest as often as desired, lying on the back so as to relax *every* muscle of the body. A lunch eaten by the clear, running stream, be it merely egg sandwiches spiced with watercress gathered from the brook and moistened with the cool water, will taste so good after a climb like this.

And what have you seen and heard on the way?

Speckled trout, perchance, lying in deep shadowed pools and fanning the water with silver fins as they wait the coming of insects; bright-winged warblers flitting here and there in the sunlight and modest brown wood thrushes trilling from the denser shade; bear scratches on tree trunks and various tracks in the softer ground—and too, 'tis not an unusual thing to come upon a deer drinking from a stream, that is if you are stealing quietly along. No doubt you will be, for even the most talkative maid cannot but feel the power of the solitude and her voice will be subdued, or hushed altogether, when once the spirit of the wood has touched her.

Rare flowers and ferns grow everywhere. Trees form arches of beautiful green, mosses and lichens cover the gray rocks, and 'mid all this silent beauty the brook-voice sings on and on—the sweetest sound in all Nature to me. Whether it be rippling o'er the mosses,



"Our Guide."

singing o'er the stones, rushing in minature cataracts off steeper ledges to fall in scattered foam, or sleeping in quiet pools, 'tis the true spirit of the wild and—my heart understands.

In the mossed crevices of some rock-ledge, where only a stray sunbeam ever finds its way, you may chance upon the maidenhair spleenwort. Never shall I forget my first discovery of this lovely fern!

Our guide had led us up our first mountain. Breathless we paused at the foot of a ponderous cliff that stretched up and up, a great, rugged wall. Below the narrow shelf on which we stood the treetops fell away in sharp descent.

"The spleenwort grows along here," remarked our guide with a queer smile, "find it yourselves."

Did he think we girls would never attempt to follow such a path where a misstep would mean certain death? Well, he had yet to learn the extent of our courage.

Frankly, even *I*, who was never known to fear, would have suggested our guide going alone had I not seen that "smile," but *nothing* could have daunted me after that! I reasoned with the safe rubber-soled tennis shoe and a proper degree of caution I could trust my feet to tread that narrow way, so I boldly stepped ahead, with my companion close behind and our guide following after.

Did he still wear that "smile" I wondered, but dared not turn my head to see. Straight on, our eyes fixed on the goal and hands clinging to the ledge, carefully we made our way. One glance downward—

But our efforts were fully rewarded. Presently we reached a broader shelf and a little cry came from my companion, her sharper eyes had discovered the spleen-

wort. Our guide stood silent, leaning against the rock. Smiling? Yes, but *differently!*

On left, on right, and far above, from dark, mossy crevices, were those tiny green fronds peeping everywhere. How beautiful that old gray wall looked.

And, as we gazed upon those shy, lovely ferns in their own natural home, how glad we were that we had found them ourselves!

Winter.

To the outdoor girl, winter means not to be shut within over heated rooms, behind double barricaded windows, there to spend long fretful hours by the hot fire muffled in woollens—

Oh, no indeed. To her winter comes with glad days of endless fun. She welcomes the cold, the blue and white silence, the crisp, invigorating air—she welcomes the whirling snowflakes and rough north winds, and warmly clothed goes forth to match her strength against it all.

For health, perfect health, is in every firm step, every bounding heart-throb, and she returns triumphant, (a striking contrast to the pale, listless indoor girl), her rosy cheeks and dancing eyes saying truly :

“Veni, vidi, vici !”

Did you ever read the wonderful stories written on the snowy woodland floors—written in the footprints of the wild wood folk? If not, go, the first chance you have, and see what interesting facts you may learn.

And too, the study of the leafless trees will prove fully as fascinating as the flowers of summer,



When All is White and Still.

CHAPTER V.

HINTS.

What the Woods Can Give

Sugar—boiled sap of the sugar maple.

Vinegar—extracted from the yellow birch.

Tea—roots of the purple avens or dried leaves of the Labrador tea.

Coffee—acorns of the red oak, parched and ground finely.

Flour—reindeer moss, dried and powdered.

Mushrooms cooked in various ways.

Of these there are many edible varieties. But let the learned botanist determine the harmless ones. From the morels, which come to our woods in April, to mitrullas of October there are mushrooms and mushrooms—Clavaria, puff ball, fairy ring champignon, parasol, oyster, chanterelle, and many others. Fried in butter they are delicious, while the mitrullas cooked in a milk stew are exceedingly good.

A Few Be Sures

Be sure and have folding basin and bucket of canvas.

Be sure and have a water-proof match box well filled.

Be sure and be mistress of your rifle. You may then often add a welcome bit to your larder.

Be sure and have a ventilated case in which to preserve meats. Made of wire netting, tinned at top, with

hook inside, this forms a safeguard against all wild wood thieves.

Be sure and have an earth oven. This is a hole two feet square and two feet deep, lined with stones. In this with the top covered with hot coals and all air excluded, beans or fowl may be nicely baked.

Be sure and save your empty provision cans. Half filled with earth well saturated with oil, these will make splendid lights, scattered here and there over the campground, to dispel the dark of moonless nights.

Be sure and have a tin baker. This, something of the style of "ye olden time," can be easily made by your hardware dealer. A good size is 11 1-2 by 12 1-2 at mouth, 9 1-2 slant to 4 by 12 1-2 at back. The incline of top and bottom reflect the heat, when the opening is turned toward the fire, to the tin shelf within on which is the food to be baked.

Be sure and have a scribe to record the daily happenings at camp. Such a book will prove a pleasant reminder of old times when you meet again the coming winter.

How to Make a Bough Bed

The thick, flat needles of balsam fir tops are best. Hemlock, cedar and spruce, or even cherry, willow, and alder, are sometimes used. Put a log at the front of the bed and one at the back. Point the ends of the larger boughs thrusting them into the ground and "shingle" thus from the head to the foot. Over this spread small tips till the bed is at least a foot thick.

Some Good Things to Know

A small camp stove is very convenient on which to cook meals rainy days.

Raw onions soothe insect bites.

Oil of citronella (liquid mosquito protection) has no unpleasant odor and is very good to rub over the face and hands when going on a fishing trip.

Ginger (powdered) dissolved in hot water makes a fine tea for curing colds—though, remember, colds are seldom known.

Salt and water baths will cure all pain of overworked muscles.

An Important Be Sure

Be sure and have a smile for every day, and also a good stock of patience, it may be needed at times.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER CAMPING.

Cold days come and Nature sleeps beneath great drifts of snow.

When brooks are silent, all bound in ice, and only a stray bird-note comes from the leafless wood, have you



You Roam at Will.

not stood on the hard beaten road and from its narrow limits gazed across those white fields to the distant evergreens? Have you not longed to stroll there with the old freedom of summer? The same freedom may still be yours if you own a pair of snow-webs.

Across the line in Canada our sisters have long known the sport of snow-shoeing, and we at last are learning.

Skimming the snowy wastes, over hills and through woodlands, the snow-shoe carries you anywhere—anywhere the heart wishes to go. No more a lonely shutin you roam at will into a new world as it were.

Skeeing, skating, sleighing, coasting—these are pleasures the hot summer can never give.

And winter camping, too. Did you ever think of the joys of an outdoor winter?

Remember, no cottage should be built, just a small, unpretentious camp. My winter shelter contains but two rooms each 7x9 feet, height 7 feet. Lighted by six swing windows, 'tis simply yet comfortably furnished. Here, with a small stove, a cosy open fire and plenty of wood, the coldest day is conquered.



The Coldest Day is Conquered.

Sheltered by trees of pine and hemlock, though

Rough winds through the open sweep
And drifted snows lay deep,

the jolly campers at Tumble Inn care not.

And O, the fun my little camp has witnessed !

Snow-shoe parties by moonlight, candy pulls, oyster suppers—all make a pleasant break in the winter monotony.

And after winter, when the maple sap-flow quickens, and those merry sugaring-offs were held ! Then, best of all the year can bring, while the partridge-drums throb in April woods, at my very door, sweet *Arbutus* breathes a welcome.

And before winter, when tenting days were ended, how beautiful was life in the heart of those golden woods !

All days are good camping days, dear reader.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter—waking, living, resting, sleeping—this beautiful world can never be described. With Nature you must *live* and know.

She may dress in gold or ermine,
Varied greens or brown hues sombre,
And to hearts who love her truly
Each is best.

O, her mother-heart is calling,
Calling from the forest shadow—
Listen, weary one, she whispers:
Come, and rest.



And Lo, 'tis Spring

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